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The Fame of Lincoln

and other poems

By
SANKEY FRANCIS



Book II
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WHY I WRITE POEMS.

This fact dear friends I will explain
For I am not a crook
Why I was forced to use my brain
And write my little book.

One day while working underground
About the hour of nine
While pushing cars I quickly found
That I had wrenched my spine.

My book is strictly up to date
And it is Union labeled
I hope you will not hesitate
To help a man disabled.

And now dear friends I truly pray
My plea won't be in vain
For there's really not a day
That I am free from pain.

This fact on you I would impress
My words may seem quite odd
That this talent I possess
Is just the gift of God.

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THE FAME OF LINCOLN.

I always honored Lincoln's name
And cannot be content
Until I tell about the fame
Of our great President.

He was a man of humble birth
And full of noble traits
We cannot estimate his worth
To our United States.

It was learned that there were none
Not one that proved as great
For when challenged always won
In many a joint debate.

Those deeds of kindness he has sown
Since he was just a babe
And when this noble man was grown
Was known as honest Abe.

He did our nation's burdens bear
And we must bear in mind
That throughout his great career
This man was good and kind.

I feel that Springfield sure is lucky
Although our hearts still pine
For the man born in Kentucky
In eighteen hundred and nine.

Before the war he got some mail
This fact to you I'll mention
And the plea he could not fail
To give it his attention.

Her wish to him she then portrayed
The lines were written well
They were from a little maid
Whose name was Grace Bedell.

She said I thought I'd let you know
But please excuse this letter
Now if you'd let your whiskers grow
I think you'd look much better.

This little girl he quickly blessed
And to her he replied
That he had granted her request
To her wish had complied.

The civil war was at its height
The time drew near at hand
It was after that great fight
They fought in Maryland.

He was urged by this great preacher
 His promise to fulfill
 And he answered Mr. Beecher
 By the grace of God I will.

In eighteen hundred and sixty three
 He sent his proclamation
 He there declared the negroes free
 Throughout our entire nation.

This Great man so slim and tall
 Sweet words he would impart
 With malice toward none, with charity for all
 Came from his generous heart.

At the close of war, we heard the truth
 The news of this vile traitor
 There he was shot by John Wilkes Booth
 In Ford's illfamed theatre.

There amid that awful scene
 He lay in great distress
 Supported there by Laura Keene
 His blood stains on her dress.

Booth was recognized and seen
 And his life had to forfeit
 He was chased to Bowling Green
 And shot by Boston Corbitt.

When Lincoln died he was conveyed
 Mid sorrow, tears and pity
 At rest his body now is laid
 In Oak Ridge near our city.

Where our Martyr's body lies
 The lovely flowers bloom
 And pointing upward to the skies
 You'll find our Hero's tomb.

There still and cold he lies at rest
 Now if you love Him show it
 Go visit His tomb is the request
 Of His dear friend the poet.

TO MY BOYS.

My boys all three, if you watch you will see,
 They will all three make excellent men,
 If they care to bother they may, like their father,
 Some day be seen using their pen.

Some positions will win, and be satisfied when,
 They sit in the state legislature,
 But I'm writing poems, to gladden folks homes,
 For it just seems a part of my nature.

The oldest one, Clyde, knows how to divide,
 And he works all his problems out fine,
 As I'm writing today, I do hope and pray,
 That he'll never touch liquor or wine.

The second one, Lyle, has a sweet, pleasant smile,
 And he proves that he knows how to spell,
 At the head he will pass, when he turns down his class,
 God grant that he keeps sound and well.

The smallest one, Wayne, he too has the brain,
 Who knows, but he might make a teacher,
 If he will be game he might come to fame,
 Like the great man, Henry Ward Beecher.

While mamma picks berries, and feeds the canaries,
 Their grandma their stockings will darn;
 In the garden they're hoeing, while grandpa is mowing
 The hay that he'll put in the barn.

I am not exalted, but I always was faulted,
 And insulted and slurred when a kid,
 But I made a poet, and the people now know it,
 And the people are glad that I did.

There are poets that's bigger, than this crippled coal digger,
 For I've not yet established my name,
 But if I do my best, like that man Edgar Guest,
 I may yet reap some honor and fame.

LAZARUS AT THE RICH MAN'S GATE.

There was once a man of wealth
 Whose wants were well supplied
 He was also blessed with health
 And full of pomp and pride.

The best of food this rich man ate
 But one fact he ignores
 A beggar lay at this mans gate
 All covered o'er with sores.

With faltering steps he meekly comes
 To walk he was not able
 With tearful eyes he begged the crumbs
 That fell from off the table.

On costly food the rich man feasts
 And lived on polished floors
 While his dogs, those friendly beasts
 They licked the beggars sores.

Those crumbs this beggar was denied
 No food to him was given
 And in course of time he died
 And went direct to Heaven.

This rich man also had to die
 This most unworthy knave
 He who once had been so high
 Was now laid in the grave.

In vain for water now he cries
 With thirst his tongue doth swell
 For there he lifted up his eyes
 And found himself in hell.

There in hell he had to stay
 Where torments never cease
 While Lazarus on Abraham's bosom lay
 In perfect joy and peace.

Oh will you not some water fetch
 And his poor hands he wrung
 Bring some water cried the wretch
 To cool my parched tongue.

Oh won't you help me in my woe
 Once more he did exclaim
 For I am tormented so
 With anguish in this flame.

And Abraham answered him and said
 My poor tormented son
 When the beggar asked for bread
 Pray tell me what you done.

Your chance on earth you did destroy
 When you should have repented
 Now Lazarus will a Heaven enjoy
 While you're in hell tormented.

Go warn my brothers with them plead
 This now is my desire
 They have God's prophets let them heed
 If they'd shun this hell fire.

If they won't listen and repent
 And from their sins won't sever
 Like you to hell they'll all be sent
 And there be doomed forever.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When I was young and just a lad
 And living at my ease
 I recollect the fun I had
 Out fighting bumble bees.

I would get with other boys
 And help to hunt their nests
 It seems I yet can hear the noise
 Made around those little pests.

I really could not be content
 This pleasure was sublime
 But I know I should repent
 Perhaps I will in time.

At last we'd form our little band
 And put them to the test
 For somewhere out upon the land
 Someone had found a nest.

With joyful hearts we'd shout with glee
 For on some grassy knoll
 Or by the roots of some old tree
 We'd find their little hole.

But really in our inmost soul
 We felt a great regard
 For those poor bees when near the hole
 We saw one standing guard.

And there amid a lot of fuss
 We'd all prepare for battle
 But when that bee would start at us
 We'd scatter just like cattle.

But once more we'd venture back
 And now our courage showed
 And once more pressed our grand attack
 Upon their small abode.

At last a lad where all could see
 Threw in a club he'd found
 That was enough and now that bee
 And him went round and round.

Or with some broken buggy shaft
 He'd make his great mistake
 I know that I have almost laughed
 Until my sides would ache.

Pretty soon we'd hear him yell
 And he would make his flight
 And then the way his face would swell
 We knew he'd lost the fight.

I thought a medal I would earn
 Of praise that I would win
 And at last it came my turn
 And now I ventured in.

Right there where all could get a view
 Now what do you suppose
 In spite of all that I could do
 He lit beneath my nose.

At these words you need not scoff
 A moment there he lingers
 And when at last I got him off
 I had to use my fingers.

In going home I was compelled
 To cross a field of stubble
 And by the way my face was swelled
 They knew I'd been in trouble.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

One day a traveler worn and tired
 And in a wretched plight
 Knocked at a door and there inquired
 If he could stay all night.

When the strangers tale was heard
 His plight she quickly pitied
 And so without another word
 The stranger was admitted.

This stranger was quite shabby dressed
 And what he saw looked crude
 And then he humbly did request
 If he might have some food.

The poor widow's eyes were sad
 She answered yes you can
 And placed the last small fish she had
 Into the frying pan.

She quickly entered on the task
 With eyes forlorn and sad
 And then the stranger quickly asked
 If that was all she had.

I cannot eat it for said he
 Your children you will wrong
 For I see you give to me
 What to them should belong.

Her tearful eyes on him she cast
 And his plea did ignore
 It's true it's but a small repast
 But God will give us more.

I too have got a wandering son
 With tears her eyes grew dim
 I only hope what I have done
 Some one may do for him.

I know I should be reconciled
 My grief I'll try to smother
 God has indeed preserved your child
 My Mother Oh my Mother.

It was her own dear wandering boy
 For now she knew his face
 And drinking from that cup of joy
 They stood in fond embrace.

He had succeeded in his plans
 To take her by surprise
 And had returned from foreign lands
 In that forlorn disguise.

Back home her boy had now returned
 To her in splendid health
 And now his Mother also learned
 That he possessed great wealth.

This legend proves to us we must
 Not let our faith be shaken
 For if in God we firmly trust
 We will not be forsaken.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

This music always fills my soul
 And in my heart the joy bells ring
 While lying on some grassy knoll
 I listen to the voice of spring.

I can feel the cooling breeze,
 It's cool where I am lying;
 The wind now sways the lofty trees,
 I plainly hear its sighing.

The birds will hop from limb to limb
 And keep the landscape ringing;
 At times I almost envy them
 To hear those birdies singing.

And now I plainly hear the frogs,
 I plainly hear their croaking;
 They from the muddy swamps and bogs
 Their ugly heads are poking.

As onward on my way I stroll,
 I feel that I'm their guest
 I see a pretty Oriole
 There singing near her nest.

Her song is wafted on the air,
 Her song is now renewed;
 For I see quite near her there
 She has her little brood.

And as I journey on my way
 I hear a blue-bird's call;
 It is the cry of old blue jay
 Up in the tree tops tall.

All at once the rest will hush;
 This scene I can't compare,
 For the song of old brown thrush
 Is wafted on the air.

My happiness is now complete;
 I view the lovely scene,
 For as I look beneath my feet
 The grass is turning green.

Here is some cool shady nooks,
 What better could we wish;
 Some boys have brought some bait and hooks
 To try and catch some fish.

I really do not envy them
 That's in the legislature,
 But I would give my praise to Him
 Who made the things of nature.

I know before so very long
 The birds their song will bring,
 And when I listen to their song
 I'll hear the voice of spring.

OUR AMERICAN LEGION.

In all those terrible world war days
 In all that shell plowed region
 There's none my friends deserves more praise
 Than our American Legion

There's many a darling mother weeps
 It greaves her heart to know
 That now her darling boy sleeps
 Where those sweet poppies grow.

They faced the foe with faces grim
 They thrashed the cruel hun
 Lets always give our praise to them
 For what those boys have done.

On all our decoration days
 Let's let this task be ours
 And give to them our sweet bouquets
 Of fragrant smelling flowers.

When decoration day appears
 And we hear those sweet airs
 Let's be prepared to give three cheers
 For all those Legionnaires.

So let's salute them as they pass
 Both privates and commanders
 Those gallant boys who faced the gas
 In far off fields of flanders.

THE FATE OF THE CUMBERLAND.

These poor men look on in awe,
 God pity their poor souls!
 What giant craft was that they saw
 Steam in amidst the shoals.
 God pity their poor helpless plight!
 It now makes its attack;
 With sinking hearts they now must fight
 The Iron Clad Merrimac.

The other gunboats vainly tried
 To them their aid to render,
 And now to them the enemy cried,
 "Tell me, will you surrender?"
 Although the fight was raging hot,
 He said, "I'll never shrink."
 And answered back that I will not
 Before I will I'll sink.

Fear now showed on every cheek,
 And while the cannon roared,
 The giant Merrimac with her beak
 The Cumberland's side she gored.
 Their gallant brow the sea breeze fanned
 But they were forced to drown,
 For those men of the Cumberland
 With all on board went down.

Although some men on board were ill,
 They fought on till the last,
 And at the end Old Glory still
 Was floating at the mast;
 And as the ship with water filled,
 The enemy fired a shot
 And several of the men were killed
 While lying on their cot.

With death within, and death without
 This band of honored braves
 They all gave a mighty shout
 And plunged beneath the waves.
 No braver act I ever knew,
 It could not be more grand
 Than was done by that gallant crew
 Aboard the Cumberland.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BUYING A HOME.

Oh why my dear friend are you contented to roam
 Get right down to business and buy you a home
 Just think of the money you have foolishly spent
 Invest in a home and stop paying rent.

You say that you can't but I say that you can
 If you haven't the cash try the installment plan
 'Tis true there is interest at least six per cent
 But yet you will find it is cheaper than rent.

You will learn many ways your home to improve
 And at least you cannot be ordered to move
 You can buy you a hive and get you some bees
 You can improve your lawn and set out some trees.

You can build your own fence your own work you can do
 You can have a chicken yard and have chickens too
 You can have more around you more produce to sell
 And add to its value by digging your own well.

Of course some will worry and others will fret
 And can't stand the idea of being in debt
 By using economy, good judgment and care
 If you don't own the home you at least own a share.

And all of this time its increasing in price
 Some renters have lived there and paid for it twice
 And friends just as sure as pumpkins are yellow
 You'll buy for yourself or some other fellow.

With thrift and economy you're bound to succeed
 And when it is paid for you'll then get the deed
 And then you'll be pleased and will never regret
 That you once took the chances of going in debt.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

The real old time fashioned girl
 Knows how to cook a meal
 And she still knows how to whirl
 That good old spinning wheel.

There's many a carpet she has wove
 And now we find her sitting
 And there beside the heating stove
 She's busy with her knitting.

Altho she's now grown old in years
 And failing now in strength
 When in public she appears
 She wears her skirts full length.

She never used to curl her hair
 And saw no sights like these
 The women folks with bosoms bare
 And skirts up to their knees.

I really think her blood would freeze
 In fact she would have fainted
 To meet a girl with naked knees
 And see those knees were painted.

She tucked the children snug in bed
 With kisses Oh so tender
 She feels that she should help instead
 Of just a money spender.

She'd often go and help the men
 And work out in the fields
 And she was never riding in
 Those things called automobiles.

Her love was found to be more true
 God bless her Dear old face
 For I say there's very few
 You'll find can fill her place.

When she journeyed off to wed
 And grasped her lover's hand
 She really meant it when she said
 I'll follow my Lord's command.

Although she soon will go above
 And view those gates of pearl
 I feel that I will always love
 The good old fashioned girl.

THE HERO OF THE HARRIET LANE.

With shot and shell the cannon roared
 Where heaps of men were slain
 This boy of ten years fought aboard
 Our battleship Harriet Lane.

Captain Wainright's little son
 He too had gone to sea
 He quickly proved that there were none
 No braver there than he.

A Cassabianca he is styled
 His Father too was slain
 He fought amidst that tempest wild
 Aboard the Harriet Lane.

He knew his Father now had fell
 And he was all alone
 And mid the flash of shot and shell
 He still kept fighting on.

To this he never gave a thought
 His conduct there was grand
 He stood erect and bravely fought
 With gun in either hand.

With many dead upon the floor
 And many more expiring
 He still stood in the cabin door
 And steadily kept on firing.

While others long in death were still
 His brow the sea breeze fanned
 He faced the foe and fought until
 Off went one little hand.

I will surrender now he cried
 In anguish and in pain
 But I'm truly glad I tried
 To save the Harriet Lane.

I did my duty as I should
 He cried so sweet and mild
 I fought you fair now tell me would
 You kill a helpless child.

To foes like you we lift our hat
 You'll get the best of care
 For a lad so brave as that
 We would not harm a hair.

Your little hand is shot away
 You'll have to have it dressed
 And with us now you'll have to stay
 And try and get some rest.

No braver deed was wrote by pen
 Although he fought in vain
 Than was done by this boy of ten
 On our ship the Harriet Lane.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

I oftentimes think of bygone days
 And then I cast my thoughts afar
 And as I think I cast my gaze
 Upon that brilliant morning star.

The night before a Christmas morn
 At an inn some travelers stayed
 And at that inn a babe was born
 And in a common manger laid.

As through the Heavens it did glide
 Its beautiful radiance never ceased
 For to His side this star did guide
 Those learned and wise men in the east.

This star kept traveling on and on
 Till now they felt a thrill
 When over an inn its brilliance shown
 And then the star stood still.

The joy they feel they can't conceal
 They many miles had trod
 They entered in and there did kneel
 And gave their thanks to God.

I am proud that I can see
 The star that guided them
 To the Man of Galilee
 Who's born in Bethlehem.

As it is my sincere desire
 In death to go to Him
 I truly say that I admire
 The star of Bethlehem.

A TRIBUTE TO WM. F. CODY.

This dear boy of whom I write
 A lad when going to school
 It happened that he had a fight
 Which was against the rule.

He thought the boy he had slain
 He'd stabbed him in the breast
 He hailed a passing wagon train
 And started for the west.

He was then twelve years of age
 But now his days are o'er
 He little knew on history's page
 He'd live for evermore.

What he was first engaging in
 There's many a heart would quail
 He started with a bunch of men
 To follow an Indian trail.

He dropped behind like other boys
 He felt quite worn and tired
 When over his head he heard a noise
 He raised his gun and fired.

This Indian never got to tell
 His friends what he had seen
 For like a ton of bricks he fell
 Head first in that ravine.

He recognized his danger then
 And started on the run
 And when at last he met the men
 He told them what he'd done.

Great courage this young man possessed
 His deeds will always thrill
 The pioneer builder of the west
 The great scout Buffalo Bill.

Although in death he now is stilled
 It makes our heart expand
 When we read the way he killed
 Tall Bull and Yellow Hand.

This honored man has won great fame
 With his great western show
 But he really won his name
 Killing the buffalo.

If you ever get to look
 Upon the western plains
 Don't fail dear friends to read his book
 And see what it contains.

Out west beneath some soft green sward
 He now lies cold and still
 I'll always feel a great regard
 For our Hero Buffalo Bill.

MY PRAYER.

Dear precious God who saves from sin
 Once more to Thee I kneel
 I feel you'll send sweet blessings when
 You hear my sad appeal.

Dear precious Lord for us you wore
 The thorns upon Thy brow
 We know for us the cross You bore
 Oh Saviour save me now.

Now Lord on me Thy Love bestow
 I'm told that I am clever
 Dear precious God if this is so
 Help me in my endeavor.

I mean to keep on serving Thee
 And do the best I can.
 I'm not like that proud Pharisee
 I'm like the publican.

We know that we will not be heard
 For all of our loud crying
 Such prayers we know are quite absurd
 This fact there's no denying.

To Thy cross I mean to cling
 Lord give to me Thy hand
 And lead me where the Angels sing
 In far off Beulah land.

Dear loving Saviour keep me humble
 So I can my part fulfill
 Lord be with me when I stumble
 Give me strength to do Thy will.

Dear Lord while on my bed I'm lying
 I feel my soul has been redeemed
 Take me Lord when I am dying
 To the land of which I dreamed.

Amen.

O WHERE IS MY WANDERING GIRL TONIGHT.

Oh where is my wandering girl tonight
 The babe I held to my breast
 O say has her spirit now taken its flight
 And gone to that haven of rest.

Chorus

Oh where is my girl tonight
 In sorrow and tears
 Her sweet face appears
 Oh where is my girl tonight.

Oh where is the wandering girl I love
 The babe with kisses so sweet
 Has she gone to those sweet mansions above
 Or is she out walking the street.

Chorus.

Oh my dear friends will you aid in the search
 In some den she may now be enticed
 I sincerely pray she has now joined the church
 And is serving her Saviour and Christ.

Chorus

Oh give back the girl with cheeks like a rose
 This now is my prayer and my plea
 This anguish no one but a poor mother knows
 Oh send back my darling to me.

Chorus

Oh where is the girl with such rosy cheeks
 With a voice so sweet and so mild
 With a heart filled with sadness a poor mother seeks
 And awaits the return of her child.

Chorus

The thought of our meeting once more I confess
 The thought sets my heart in a whirl
 I would truly and freely give all I possess
 To see the return of my girl.

MY VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Years ago I seen the mountains
 And heard the river's roaring sound
 And saw those clear, cool crystal fountains
 Gushing forth out of the ground.

As I view the winding river
 The scene was pleasing to the mind
 And I truly thanked the Giver
 For His blessings to mankind.

As those mountains I ascend
 I loved to feel the cooling breeze
 And I loved to hear the wind
 Roaring thru those lofty trees.

As I listened now I heard
 And to this my heart inclines
 The cry of some ominous bird
 Far above those lofty pines.

Far upon some ledge or rock
 And high above the ocean's crest
 Our country's emblem has her flock
 For there the Eagle has her nest.

I found what nature there had wrought
 Among those hills and deep defiles
 And I found what I had sought
 Among those sweet and rugged wilds.

It almost seems I yet can view
 And it gives the heart a thrill
 The lovely sparkling morning dew
 Shining on some distant hill.

At last I gain the mountain top
 And free from all those misty shrouds
 And when at last I get to stop
 I find I'm far above the clouds.

From there a lovely view I gain
 This lovely scene comes back to me
 For far off on the distant plain
 I see the river Tennessee.

And as twilight now draws nigh
 I hear a voice loud and shrill
 And I recognize the cry
 Of the lonesome whippoorwill.

Now the lovely sun has set
 And I must be homeward bound
 But I never will forget
 That sweet pleasure there I found.

I'd rather watch the river flow
 I'd rather see that mountain ridge
 Than to be allowed to go
 And get to view the Brooklyn bridge.

SALVATION ARMY WORK.

With words of love I now will greet
 Our Army of Salvation
 For there's nothing that could beat
 Our splendid organization.

They'll always help the down and out
 And save the souls of men
 For when the world has kicked you out
 The Army takes you in.

We feel that these commands are His
 Please help all widowed mothers
 For our motto really is
 Remember there are others.

It aims to open Heaven's gates
 And works without cessation
 Here in our own United States
 And almost every nation.

Our Army proves vile sin it hates
 Great praise it sure has won
 The foes of satan never waits
 To put him on the run.

God's commands we obey when
 We go upon the street
 To try to guide the souls of men
 Down to the mercy seat.

We always let our banner wave
 The flag of God unfurls
 And our Army tries to save
 The souls of fallen girls.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND, APRIL 2nd, 1865.

On a Sabbath day in early spring
 In Church house and in pews
 They came to worship and to sing
 And got this fearful news.

Everything was quite serene
 The day was bright and calm
 Until Jeff Davis then was seen
 Receive a Telegram.

He quickly hurried from his pew
 His face was ashen pale
 And the people quickly knew
 It was important mail.

What it was that he had read
 They soon knew by the signs
 For in it General Lee had said
 I cannot hold my lines.

Excitement now was at its height
 The telegram had stated
 Beautiful Richmond on this night
 Must be evacuated.

The people hurried to and fro
 Each one in fearful dread
 And toward the Danville Depot
 With household goods they fled.

Some at first were slow to act
 And looked on quite amazed
 But they knew it was a fact
 When fire from buildings blazed.

Some drunken soldiers were the cause
 To drink they did insist
 From then on Virginia's laws
 No longer did exist.

In great distress they cry and groan
 And men could hardly pass
 For the streets were simply strewn
 With piles of broken glass.

Another thing they quickly learned
 A greater fear had arisen
 For warehouses were now being burned
 Some near old Libby prison.

With saddened hearts the people gaze
 Out on the river James
 And see the bridges all ablaze
 And see their ships in flames.

When at last the morning broke
 Upon their sleepless eyes
 On every side they saw the smoke
 Ascending to the skies.

To the Depot then they came
 All eager to devour
 What food was left and rushed to claim
 Their share of meat and flour.

For this they did not have to pay
 To get it they were proud
 And the goods were swept away
 By a most clamorous crowd.

THE RAILWAY CROSSING CAMPAIGN.

As many lives are now destroyed
 Car drivers use your sense
 Now will you help us to avoid
 These railway accidents.

I used to stop with car reversed
 Of course some called me green
 Because I practiced safety first
 And stepped from my machine.

When no train could not be seen
 I then crossed at my ease
 Of course I might have acted green
 Just take it as you please.

Altho the view looked quite serene
 My motor I might kill
 Altho they said I acted green
 You see I'm living still.

The way I see some silly gents
 Just playing with their lives
 They really do not show the sense
 Of bees within their hives.

My warning to you auto guys
 Your brains were made to use
 Now which is green? and which is wise?
 I leave you now to choose.

Perhaps you cannot see the view
 For hedge tree thorn or thistle
 Until there rushing down on you
 You hear an engine whistle.

If you have stopped and acted smart
 You get in your machine
 And from the bottom of your heart
 You're glad you acted green.

Now in my poem a lesson lies
 This lesson you should know
 For the man that thought he's wise
 Has left us long ago.

Now listen to these railroad men
 For they are talking sense
 For what they are engaging in
 They have my compliments.

Now I will say to you right here
 Although I'm not your boss
 Be sure you know the track is clear
 Before you try to cross.

Now let these simple words suffice
 Dear friends don't take no chances
 But try and heed this good advice
 You get from Sankey Francis.

THE TRUTH.

My father worked without cessation
 At his humble occupation
 But could not give an education
 To his son.

By humble parents I was raised
 Yet my work is highly praised
 And people seem to be amazed
 • At what I've done.

For this work I long have yearned
 A poet's title I have earned
 But this work could not be learned
 In a school.

In this work I'm apt to climb
 For the way I write in rhyme
 Quickly proves to you that I'm
 Not a fool.

I'll just write on no matter what
 In future may become my lot
 For you know that I have got
 An injured spine.

I do not claim to be so wise
 But yet there's lots of lawyer guys
 Could not write a book in size
 Like that of mine.

HOW THE INDIAN WINS HIS BRIDE.

This Indian could not be content
 His heart was heavy laden
 He formed his plans and then he went
 To see an Indian maiden.

I now confess that I've been told
 Your name is Running Water
 The child of old Red Eagle bold
 The worthy Chieftain's daughter.

I now myself will introduce
 My name is Thunder Cloud
 You've heard how I can kill the moose
 For this fame I am proud.

I'll make a proposition now
 Come go with me tomorrow
 And I will quickly show you how
 I use my bow and arrow.

I sure have got a splendid bow
 You've heard about my skill
 How I once shot that buffalo
 And he rolled down the hill.

I helped attack a caravan
 Please listen now my jewel
 And I will tell you of a man
 With whom I had a duel.

The facts to you I now impart
 His friends were left in sorrow
 For straight way to his wretched heart
 I sent my trusty arrow.

And while his body yet was warm
 He lay and called for help
 I leaped upon his prostrate form
 And quickly took his scalp.

Feats like that are very rare
 You know how proud I felt
 When the others saw his hair
 There swinging at my belt.

We've sure had a pleasant chat
 But now I must be brief
 For I have told the reason that
 I'm now an Indian Chief.

As your attention I have kept
 You've heard about my deeds
 From Thunder Cloud please accept
 This lovely string of beads.

In all the tender years you've spent
 There's never been a flaw
 Now sweet maid won't you consent
 And say you'll be my squaw?

To this Chieftain then she bowed
 And she was always true
 And said I'll marry Thunder Cloud
 The Chieftain of the Sioux.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS CORINE JESSUP.

From her picture.

This lady's picture on a card
 Is pretty as a queen
 The poet feels a deep regard
 For this sweet girl Corine.

She has an air of faultless grace
 And in her there's no guile
 And on her sweet and pretty face
 She wears a pleasant smile.

She looks as if she wants to speak
 To break hearts she has planned
 Lucky is the guy who'll seek
 Sweet Corine Jessup's hand.

I could not get her for a bride
 I now confess to this
 But I would be well satisfied
 With even just one kiss.

If some young man will do his best
 With luck he's apt to gain her
 In best of clothes he must be dressed
 To win this entertainer.

As I look in her sweet eyes
 She there returns my glance
 And in them I see there lies
 A world of sweet romance.

She never fails to fill her dates
 Her trials she well endured
 For over our United States
 With Redpath she has toured.

As her picture now I view
 I have a high opinion
 About this girl who traveled through
 Old Canada's dominion.

With fame this lady is renowned
 Now listen to me boys
 This lovely lady can be found
 At Fairfield, Illinois.

There's no one more than me admires
 This sweet maids loving glances
 I truly hope that she desires
 This poem from Sankey Francis.

BORROWED TROUBLE.

One day I heard the widow Price
 Say this to the widow Brown
 My boy went skating on the ice
 And he'll break through and drown.

He took his skates from off the shelf
 And left me with a grin
 And Mrs. Brown you know yourself
 The ice is very thin.

Oh when will all my troubles cease
 Oh how these thoughts annoy
 I really cannot have no peace
 Until I see my boy.

Your troubles I can plainly trace
 The widow Brown then told her
 For there now comes his smiling face
 His skates upon his shoulder.

Please mother do not use a club
 For God has heard your prayer
 Now tell me have you got some grub
 I'm hungry as a bear.

Dear Mother why do you object?
 I've had a world of joy
 Pray tell me what do you expect
 Out of your darling boy.

You see that I am far from drowned
 I've had a glorious time
 When I arrived I quickly found
 The ice was in its prime.

Now let this be your guiding star
 And cease your wild despair
 For all these borrowed troubles are
 Just bubbles in the air.

Why Mother Dear you worry me
 Her darling boy then said
 For you should never bury me
 Until you know I'm dead.

So let us try and cast aside
 These troubles we may borrow
 And trust in Him to be our guide
 Who sees the falling sparrow.

With what we have we should be proud
 And try and cease our pining
 We know behind the darkest cloud
 The sun is brightly shining.

So let us have no borrowed trouble
 We should not entertain such grief
 Such grief is nothing but the stubble
 When the grain is in the sheaf.

THE FATE OF TEX ROSAN.

One day a man named Stephen Strong
 And his comrade Tex Rosan
 Together were leisurely riding along
 In a brand new ford sedan.

The positive facts I must explain
 The car they drove was Steve's
 At a lonely spot poor Steve was slain
 And his body covered with leaves.

A man smooth shaved and neatly dressed
 Just in his youth and prime
 Had watched this culprit do his best
 To try to hide his crime.

This man had seen and watched Rosan
 Now kept his eyes on him
 To all lawbreakers and curs this man
 Was known as Timberlake Tim.

Rosan got shaved and his hair was cropped
 From crime he seemed immune
 Tim followed his man and saw he stopped
 At the Royal Blue saloon.

With a friendly bow he greeted the men
 Who stood around the bar
 And there he ordered a drink of gin
 And a good ten cent cigar.

At first he sat and talked and joked
 Of life spent o'er the seas
 But all the time he sat and smoked
 He seemed quite ill at ease.

In that crowd was a beautiful girl
 Once pure but now had fell
 Amid that noise and bustle and whirl
 Who was known as blondy Nell.

He looked once more and as he glanced
 On a man his eyes now fell
 With a graceful swing the stranger danced
 With the girl called blondy Nell.

The stranger proved that he was wise
 For he had formed his plan
 And all this time he kept his eyes
 On the murderer Tex Rosan.

Rosan now recognized the truth
 His face grew white and grim
 He knew at once it was the sleuth
 Who was known as Timberlake Tim.

The sleuth was cool as the morning dew
 And as firm as the Ku Klux Klan
 As from his pocket his pistol he drew
 And pointed at Tex Rosan.

The game is up Rosan said he
 You'll sing a different song
 You're under arrest and must go with me
 For the death of Stephen Strong.

In a flash the murderer's gun was sought
 But there he struck his knell
 For as he fell Rosan was caught
 In the arms of Blondy Nell.

With death approaching he lay and groaned
 The ball went near the brain
 And for his crime he there atoned
 And died in awful pain.

THE RAILWAY MEN AND MINERS STRIKE.

I have thought for many days
 There's nothing better that I like
 My friends I cannot help but praise
 The Railwaymen and miners strike.

I hate to think this has to be
 I hate to see our nation groan
 But I am very proud to see
 The sweating toilers hold their own.

They thought the scabs they would employ
 They tried to follow Harding's plan
 These curs our Union would destroy
 Just let them do it if they can.

They placed the flag beside the shaft
 They tried to place us in repute
 Those loyal miners only laughed
 And did our Glorious flag salute.

What they are engaging in
 I am with them heart and soul
 If they stand firm they're sure to win
 They'll find the flag can't dig the coal.

Be loyal men keep acting nice
 For this will help to win our cause
 I hope you'll heed this good advice
 Don't lose your head and break our laws.

If they would have those men behave
 All they have to do is stop
 Bringing in the scab and knave
 For they won't stand the open shop.

If you will watch you'll quickly find
 No matter how the strikes may drag
 Now don't forget, but bear in mind
 They still are loyal to the flag.

It's only justice that they seek
 Enough to earn their meat and bread
 You see they're holding week by week
 They want their children schooled and fed.

It's live or die now, sink or swim
 It's either now or never
 If you are beaten now by them
 Your cause is gone forever.

Be calm and let the battle rage
 And show the world you can't be downed
 Until you get a living wage
 Stand back to back and hold your ground.

ROMANCE.

One day I had leisure, and just for the pleasure,
 I went to the sea side to hunt shells and pearls,
 But I changed my decision when I got this sweet vision,
 For right there before me sat two pretty girls.

The one that sat nearest to me she seemed dearest,
I've not seen one like her since God gave me birth,
With those flowing tresses, I felt her caresses,
Would be to me equal to a heaven on earth.

So up then I ventured and I hope I'm not censured,
For you know in love-making you got to be game.
I soon was delighted for my talk was invited,
And I soon took the courage to ask them their name.

One said, "My name's Mary and we live near the ferry
And this girl beside me is sister Dolores,
This place always pleases where we get the sea breezes,
We have told you our name, Now, Dear sir what is yours."

I said my dear Mary, I will answer your query,
I hope you are pleased with my name—Charley Dean,
My plan I'm not hiding, now won't you go riding,
For out by the roadside I have my machine.

I was now full of vigor, and, beginning to figure,
When the youngest one said, "Let me sit at the wheel"
To me this was pleasing, for one I'd be squeezing,
While the other was driving the automobile.

Now please stop your winking, for I know what you're
thinking,
And perhaps with my conduct you've now found a flaw,
For this news was soon carried, that the couple got
married,
And the youngest one now is my sister in law.

CHILDHOOD.

I love to look back on the scenes of my childhood
And see the green meadows of bright morning dew
My thots now go back to the deep tangled wild-wood
Where red roses bloomed and wild flowers grew.

Chorus

O turn back sweet moments and let me enjoy
Those raptures and pleasures once more could I see
When I was just a lad of a boy
And listened to stories at Dear Mother's knee.

With heart filled with gladness I was always so merry
With Mother's caresses and love most divine
Where there was no grief to mar or to worry
To the days of my child-hood my heart will incline.

Chorus

Back in those days I knew of no sadness
With sorrow and grief I was yet undefiled
O could I recall those sweet moments of gladness
I so much enjoyed when I was a child.

TO MR. AUBREY CRIBB.

I write poems at my leisure
 And find it lots of pleasure
 To know my book's a treasure
 In many pleasant homes
 It is not for piety
 It's not for notoriety
 But it's to please society
 That I am writing poems.

At first I thot my chance was slim
 And this is not an idle whim
 A man asked me to visit him
 And with him be a diner
 One great thot that satisfies
 This man has proved the best of guys
 And says that he will advertise
 The broken down coal miner.

We know our Saviour won't deceive
 And that good book we must believe
 For it tells us the woman Eve
 Was made from Adam's rib
 Success has come for which I prayed
 I'm truly thankful for his aid
 And I am truly glad he made
 That good man Aubrey Cribb.

HE WASN'T GAME.

As the time has now expired
 To get the answer I desired
 And I have always so admired
 The great talent he possessed
 Now I feel that he's my debtor
 For I really knew no better
 Than to write a splendid letter
 To the poet Edgar Guest.

As I am somewhat of a bard
 For him I feel a deep regard
 But he will surely find it hard
 To win the prize
 But he'll find I won't be cheated
 For when his letter is completed
 He will find himself defeated
 If he tries.

But he saw that I was game
 Perhaps he recognized my aim
 And toward this splendid man of fame
 I hold no grudge
 Perhaps he thought me just a weed
 And my letter would not heed
 But I will leave the ones that read
 To be our judge.

But he cannot feel offended
 When he saw how well it ended
 Every one thought it was splendid
 So they said
 He's found a miner too can learn
 And he should write me in return
 For this is the way I earn
 My daily bread.

The people know I'm not a crook
 And when the people get to look
 They tell me that my little book
 Is sure good
 But we know as time advances
 He has had a lot of chances
 To have answered Sankey Francis
 If he would.

He will find my work sublime
 And when I wish to take the time
 He'll find to always write in rhyme
 Is my aim.
 And people give me their applause
 For in that poem there were no flaws
 He failed to answer just because
 He wasn't game.

"FARM LIFE."

I really don't envy old J. Ogden Armour,
 With all of his sugar cured bacon and hams,
 But I would prefer to be just a good farmer,
 And have herds of sheep with their dear little lambs.

'Tis well I remember the dear old barn windlass,
 How well it would answer the call of the breeze,
 And how I passed days that almost seemed endless,
 As I roamed neath the shade of the sweet apple trees.

O let me go back once more there to mingle,
 And have all those cattle and sheep by the herds,
 It almost seems yet I can hear those bells jingle,
 And hear the sweet chirping and singing of birds.

Of course, in the summer, my days were not idle,
 I didn't know much about cities or cops,
 But my mind was on some horse I could bridle,
 And be of some value in tending the crops.

My friends, I would not have a farm like Jim Horner's,
 If there's lazier people I now have my doubts,
 It's a real disgrace to see his fence corners,
 The way they are grown up with briars and sprouts.

It proved quite a task for my dear sister Mary,
 And I, for at times the task was supreme,
 For every good farmer you know, has his dairy,
 And we sold a good deal of butter and cream.

At last for our labor, at Dad, we kept nagging,
 That he ought to buy us an automobile,
 And the kind that he bought us, now don't think me
 bragging,
 Was not a tin Lizzie, but one that was real.

And out in the barn yard the gobbler is strutting,
 He wants us to know he is boss of the flock,
 While out in the wheat fields, the grain they are cutting,
 They will keep hard at it till it's all in the shock.

And now comes the time we must make apple butter,
 In a big copper kettle of enormous size,
 And as we look on and are watching it sputter,
 Take care and not let it pop into our eyes.

About this farm labor you cannot be jealous,
 The swing of the paddle you must not relax,
 It proves more tiresome than blowing a bellows,
 Or turning a grind stone for grinding an ax.

While some people love to watch the propellor,
 That flies like a streak on our big aeroplanes,
 O please let me down into some farmer's cellar,
 And let me have access to what it contains.

While men in the city on races are betting,
 The wide open country for me holds a charm,
 And I want you to know that I am not forgetting,
 The pleasures enjoyed while out on a farm.

JOY AND SORROW.

As in my poem a lesson lies,
 I'll now make my appeal
 And say to all you reckless guys
 Who drive an automobile.

If you will not this warning heed,
 You'll have to pay the price,
 And as I think it's what you need,
 I'll give you good advice.

This fact is plain before our eyes,
 The truth will sure amaze,
 To think how many people dies
 From this blamed auto craze.

I know your pride you can't conceal,
 Of course your car's a daisy,
 But don't get in and grasp the wheel
 And go to acting crazy.

We often hear there's been a wreck
 And they spread this alarm;
 The chauffeur got a broken neck,
 His friend a broken arm.

If you want to know the cause
 So many folks are slain,
 They won't obey our traffic laws
 Or use their eyes and brain.

Please listen, friends, I now insist
 From records it is claimed
 Every year shows on our list
 There's thousands killed and maimed.

Of course, I know they're up to date
 And give you lots of fun,
 But I feel quite fortunate
 For I'm not owning one.

Often times some one will pass,
 Right in your path will dart;
 He thinks when he steps on the gas
 That he is acting smart.

Such actions fill me with disgust;
 My way of being brave,
 I'd rather eat a little dust
 Than fill an early grave.

A car has killed a little child;
 This news will make us sick;
 A life crushed out so sweet and mild
 By some fool lunatic.

Now, my friends, do let me plead
 And breathe a word of prayer
 That your car you will not speed
 But try and drive with care.

"THE FINAL CAPTURE OF SERGY."

July 28, 1918.

I always like to entertain
 All Jews, Gentiles and clergy,
 And in my poem I'll now explain
 That dreadful fight at Sergy.

'Twas on a hot and sultry morn
 Our gallant troops made their attack,
 Back to the rear our flag was borne,
 For our brave men were driven back.

But on that fatal Sabbath morn,
 Their rifles flashed, the cannon boomed,
 With faces pale and bodies torn,
 This dreadful fighting was resumed.

At last our soldiers see their chance,
To test the mettle of the Huns,
And one and all they now advance,
Under the cover of our guns.

Our soldiers found their task supreme,
For they faced men of great renown,
For now they quickly cross a stream,
And took possession of the town.

Our troops with courage now are thrilled,
Like those of old at Saint Bernard,
Before their task is yet fulfilled,
They now must fight the Prussian guard.

And there upon that bloody plain,
Our men were put to rout,
For by those troops of old Lorraine,
Our men were driven out.

Our men advanced and back they reeled,
They now retreat and then reform;
There never was a bloodier field,
No human soul could stand the storm.

The God of Hosts look down on France,
And save those dying men,
For now again our troops advance,
And again we enter in.

They meet the foe and slash and cut,
Each side maintains a gallant stand,
With bayonet point and rifle butt,
They now are fighting hand to hand.

Amid the slain the wounded reel,
For all the troops are now engaged,
Amid the clash of steel on steel,
Back and Forth the battle raged.

In the end we held possession,
But did so at a fearful cost,
For nine times in quick succession,
The town was taken and lost.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

A tribute to my Mother dear,
Who is still remaining here,
I now will write some words of cheer
And praise her while I may.
For pretty soon her days will end
When I will lose my dearest friend,
For to Heaven she'll ascend
And live through endless day.

She often in the fire-light's glare
 Would gather us around her chair
 While she would offer up a prayer
 And murmur soft and low;
 And say those words so sweet and mild,
 "God grant my boy is not defiled,
 Lord, keep from sin my darling child
 Wherever he may go.

"Lord, teach him evil paths to shun,
 And when his life on earth is done
 I pray you will accept the son,
 The child I've learned to love.
 "Lord, keep him from the paths of sin
 And place him in the ranks of men
 Who try that home to enter in,
 Those mansions built above."

Although she's now grown old in years,
 Quite often through this veil of tears
 Her dear old wrinkled face appears
 To tell the old, old story.
 I could not treat her with disdain
 But I would sing some sweet refrain,
 For soon she'll be with Christ to reign.
 And live with Him in Glory.

For soon we'll have to say good-bye,
 And now, dear Lord, I pray that I
 Will get to live with her on high
 Amidst that Angel band.
 As I am now a Volunteer
 And all my doubts now disappear,
 I feel I'll get to live with her
 Up there in Beulah land.

TO WALT MASON.

I now will undertake a task
 At which I almost falter
 For this question has been asked
 Why don't you write to Walter.

So here comes one to you Dear Walt
 From a coal miner guy
 And it will surely be your fault
 If you do not reply.

I wrote a poem to Edgar Guest
 My praises on him poured
 Although I did my very best
 My plea he has ignored.

I learned that I was wasting ink
 For it was not requested
 But Walt to tell the truth I think
 Your work has got his bested.

But Guest is still a good old scout
 And for him I will pray
 At times it seems that he runs out
 Of anything to say.

I always like to read your rhymes
 They have such perfect swing
 For it really seems at times
 I almost hear you sing.

When I was young I used to play
 That game they called the marble
 But I would much prefer today
 To hear Walt Mason warble.

I am truly glad indeed
 I ever had a chance
 To see your poem and got to read
 About your seven aunts.

When within the house you stepped
 Their tongues ran like a sickle
 And all this time I bet they kept
 You in a pretty pickle.

That one you call Aunt Julia
 Lord pity all her foes
 When she becomes unruly
 She cuts some diadoes.

That one you call Aunt Dorcas
 Although at work she labors
 Takes time to stand and corcas
 And talk about her neighbors.

But I will say to you Dear friend
 They're of the weaker sex
 And all of this torment will end
 When we pass in our checks.

Now on my words I'll throw some light
 I'm now of this conviction
 That all the splendid poems you write
 Is really made up of fiction.

God be with you on your way
 For now I'll call a halt
 And end my poem and simply say
 Goodbye to Dear old Walt.

GARDENING.

At last I've cured all my bunions
 And my feet are at their ease
 And I'm busy planting onions
 Lettuce, beans and garden peas.

Insects soon will come in numbers
 And will hatch their pesky germs.
 And I'll bet that my cucumbers
 Will be eaten up with worms.

The sight I see now really sickens
 And it hurts me to the bone
 When I see those pesky chickens
 Picking up the seed I've sown.

Those blamed chickens keep me sighing
 And at times I almost swoon
 Until they're in the skillet frying
 Then I sing a different tune.

Old mother hen has now induced her
 Little babies through the weeds
 And now I see my blamed old rooster
 Digging up my radish seeds.

All these sights are sure provoking
 To a preacher or a prince
 And I say it without joking
 I must fix my garden fence.

And now you find me standing sentry
 About the time those insects hatch
 For a mole is driving entry
 Through my little garden patch.

Then one day to help out dinner
 I came to get some turnip greens
 This is true as I'm a sinner
 I found the frost had got my beans.

I knew I'd have to plant them over
 I did not know how many quarts
 And I took a kick at Rover
 For I was ill and out of sorts.

But now I've learned to keep my temper
 And to keep my courage up
 It don't do no good to whimper
 Like some discontented pup.

Keep this motto never fearing
 Press on forward do not stop
 If we'll keep on persevering
 We are sure to raise a crop.

Some bad luck can't be prevented
 Keep up courage do your best
 Take your lot and be contented
 Trust in God for all the rest.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Far back in ancient days of yore
A rich man had two sons
This rich man had much wealth in store
Is how the story runs.

The younger was not satisfied
He wanted to seek pleasure
He asked his father to divide
Between them all his treasure.

His father followed his request
And did as he was told
And gave him half that he possessed
His share of all his gold.

His wish fulfilled at last one day
He bade his folks farewell
And then he journeyed far away
In foreign lands to dwell.

He never thought he'd get in need
No thought to this was giving
But started in a life to lead
Of sin in riotous living.

But when he found his money gone
His heart began to ache
This fact on him began to dawn
He'd made a great mistake.

He found himself in want of food
This thing he most desired
A citizen he then interviewed
And to this man he hired.

The thought of home to him appeals
His heart begins to pine
For he is sent into the fields
To feed a herd of swine.

He was feeling much forlorn
To him this would be meat
If he could only get the corn
The herd of swine did eat.

He thought of all his guilty past
And said I'll cease to roam
This son made up his mind at last
That he was going home.

He never knew his father had
All these past days been yearning
He wept for joy and was glad
To see his son returning.

The fatted calf was ordered killed
 A feast was quickly spread
 His hungry stomach there was filled.
 And all the household fed.

And then his father did command
 Some clothes for him to bring
 And ordered placed upon his hand
 A beautiful diamond ring.

Now sinner leave your life of sin
 The devil's snares now shun
 Do try that home to enter in
 Do like the Prodigal son

Although you may be deep in sin
 If on Him you'll believe
 Your Lord above will take you in
 Your soul He will receive.

Do like the Prodigal son of old
 Go ask to be forgiven
 And enter through those gates of gold
 And win a home in Heaven.

CODY'S DUEL WITH THE INDIAN CHIEF.

I'll tell you of an incident
 And what I say is true
 It happened when our soldiers went
 Out west to fight the Sioux.

Before the lines a Chieftain bold
 Was riding like the wind
 And to our hero we are told
 This challenge he did send.

It seems in this you take delight
 This fact I now can see
 Now Cody if you want to fight
 Come out and fight with me.

Before he went he had to ask
 Our General in command
 If he might accept the task
 To fight old Yellow Hand.

On your aim you must rely
 To get your man you will
 But when you do they'll also try
 To get you Buffalo Bill.

We'll be prepared to give you aid
 You'll hear the bugle sound
 The moment that your man is laid
 Prostrate upon the ground.

Right between each hostile force
 Where all could get a view
 He leaped upon his faithful horse
 And rode to meet the Sioux.

The army looked and almost wept
 For he was seen to roll
 But his horse had only stepped
 Into a gopher hole.

But back upon his knees he got
 And felt a deep remorse
 For he saw that he had shot
 The Chieftain's faithful horse.

Let it now be also said
 The Chieftain's aim was praised
 For a whistling piece of lead
 The Great Scouts cheek had grazed.

This great man of western fame
 This man of great renown
 He once more took a careful aim
 And this time brought him down.

He like a flash was at his side
 And all his strength did muster
 With shouts of triumph, then he cried
 The first scalp for Custer.

Out there on the rolling plain
 That Indian force was large
 And when they saw their Chieftain slain
 They then prepared to charge.

When he saw their Chieftain fall
 He heard those notes so shrill
 And knew it was the buglers call
 To rescue Buffalo Bill.

Great courage there the Indians showed
 Ov'r hills and deep defiles
 And with our troops, their horses rode
 And fought for fifteen miles.

